

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

KEY-HOLE IN THE DOOR

Things being dull not long ago with an idea I was hit,
To take a trip to Washington, to stir them up a bit ;
I packed my trunk, jumped on a train, arrived all safe and sound.
And having nothing else to do, I thought I'd look around.
I registered at Willard's, walked all around the town,
I visited the White House and places of renown ;
I went to public buildings I had ne'er been to before—
Now I'll tell you what I saw and heard, through the key-hole in the door

I heard the plan concocted to assassinate Abe Lincoln,
The negroes loved him as the men of old loved Washington ;
But Lincoln, Johnson, Grant have gone, and Hayes now fills the chair,
He went back on the men that put him there by foul means not fair.
Though Grant was thought the worst card in the presidential pack,
Of all the plunder that he got he gave his friends a square "whack ;"
'Twould have been better if we had him in for four years more—
Expressions like this I heard, through the key-hole in the door,

I heard them mourn George Fox's death, that good man—king of fun,
He played his part on life's great stage, and many laurels won ;
Edwin Adams, too, has gone, we ne'er shall see him more,
He's joined some combination on the bright celestial shore.
Billy Pastor and Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour and Unsworth,
Jim Budworth and many more have forever left this earth ;
If I only had the time, my friends, I could tell a great deal more,
Of things that I saw and heard, through the key-hole in the door.

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